

August 2019

Love's a Tyrant

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Love's a Tyrant" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 282.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/282

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THE BUFFALO.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials

COME all you young fellows that have a mind
to range
Into some foreign country your station for to change
Into some foreign country away from her to go
We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
We wander thro' the wild woods and chase the
Buffalo.

There is fishes in the river that's fitting for our use
And fine lofty sugar canes that yield us fine juice
And all sorts of game my boys besides the buck
and doe,
We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
Thro' the wild woods we'll wander and chase the
Buffalo.

Come all you young maidens spin us some yarn
To make us some clothing to keep ourselves warm
For you can card and spin my girls and we can
reap and mow
We lay down on the banks, &c.

Supposing these wild Indians should chance to
come near

We will unite together our hearts free from care,
We will march down into the town my boys, and
give the fatal blow,
We will lay down, &c.



Love's a Tyrant.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials

THAT love's a tyrant I can prove,
For I, alas, am now his slave,
But gladly would his chains remove,
And fearless all his mandates brave,
The urchin will vex us,
Torment and perplex us,
But ah, 'tis useless to complaia,
For love it is pleasing,
Although it is teasing,
And pleasure yields as well as pain.
Amelia daily grows more fair,
But ah, she does not kinder prove
I sigh and pine, and in despair,
Resolve to think no more of love,
But still he'll vex me,
Torment and perplex me,
And only laugh when I complain,
For love is pleasing, &c.



Is there a Heart.

IS there a heart that never lov'd
Nor felt soft woman's sigh,
Is there a man can mark unmov'd,
Dear woman's tearful eye,
Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where nought but savage monsters roar
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell
For there's a charm in woman's eye
A language in her tear,
A spell in every secret sigh,
To man—to virtue dear.
And he who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste the joy which care beguiles
That joy her virtue gives.